

# CRAWS WIRED

**BRAIN CHANGE ALERT: ZINE  
CONSUMPTION LINKED TO SOCIO-EMOTIONAL  
DEFICITS**



**YOU THOUGHT IT WAS *COMMON SENSE*: GIRLS  
DISRESPECT CIVILISED NOTION OF A TOILET!**

**ROCK CHICKS RULE: LIKE CAPITALIST, LIKE  
COMMUNIST, AND LOTS OF THINGS**

**WILL INFO MASTER VS. THE  
INTERNET SAVE THE PLANET?  
REAL LIFE STORIES**

**It's one of the best, I reckon**

## **Girls Pissing on Boy Shitting on Goat Giving Birth to Deformed Twins With Three Horns, on Something That May Be A Swastika.exe**

Girls Pissing on Girls Pissing is not really grotesque at all. They appear to be very respectable and artistic people and this removed the tackiness of classic shock value of, say Brisbane's Whiskey and Speed, who have nothing to do with this little music network and also contain pretty respectable people, I hear. Girls Pissing seem like nice ex-hardcore kids who went to art school and were always a bit too weird and secretly liked the scrappier, avant-garde kinds of metal, too intelligent and sad for glossy stuff. There is some kind of aesthetic respectability in this mix, some kind of natural honesty in the mix of hipster stereotype and bowels-of-internet grossness and not-too-teenage-wiccan-phase occult stuff. There is a chaos to it. It is genuinely unsettling, as though deep down they are quite depressed and unsettled themselves and came together with an effortless, imperfectionist cooperation that is apathy and intense, molasses-trudging effort. Coming to terms with their own inner & outer discordance and dressing it up with mystery/fear all the while showing themselves as really normal, vaguely-alternative art-school-looking-gentrified-suburb kids. But maybe they came from the country, or had something weird happen to them, some kind of mysterious intelligence or psychic powers. I don't know. Maybe I am reading into this much too much. They look special and sincere. But as for listening to them, I have admittedly not gotten very far as I find them alternately decent-enough, depressing and kind of alienating in their videos, poncing around as art school kids and not seeming to have any fun or at least an intoxicating kind of showing-off. Thinking of that swimming pool video. It's almost like an MTV indent (limited fare staying at Nanna's internet free place) but making blatantly evil-associated it's politics of inclusion-exclusion based on appearance and age. Video goes on the youtube rounds a lot but I have no idea what they are actually doing, though I guess it is cool and fits the general aesthetic schema of other good videos. Almost professional looking, both in content and shooting, but just subtly NOT professional. And also employing evil, sadness and ambiguity. Are they sympathising with me,

the distant viewer? Self-loathing, guilty for their seeming privilege and sad youth? Grasping for meaning and eternity in an ironic admission of the ephemeral nature of trends etc.? By employing themes of evil and death to portray like they don't give a shit about trends? There seems to be nothing triumphant or reassuring, unless you have a masochistic streak or overly focus on one aspect, like seeing it as erotica or something.

Anyhow, this not-quite-metal thing is interesting. Metal minus to macho shit and theatrics. We'll see if it's Grimes minus the catchiness and pretty anime vibe. Funny, both draw on severe genres (rave, metal) and make them even more folksy-seeming, introverted & mixed (anime, bowels-of-internet). Perhaps by 'aesthetically respectably', I mean, that they seem very of-our-time and have not yet been co-opted. I kind of hope they are not the future because I haven't caught up. What do I expect, though, to be filled with a pleasant nostalgia like that REM video when watching some really sad-quasi metal in a NZ farmshed (like Grandad's old one) with animal corpses and sad, naked twenty-somethings? Wavering, semi-opaque, superimposed, directly next to death. Rural anti-bush doof...

Ah, where is my basic empathy? Some time ago I spotted a dead-looking thing in the Brisbane river and ran home in case it was a dead baby, and came back with my phone and a torch. It had the bones sticking out of rotten flesh like some cartoon art and was all bloated and burst in the middle. Cat, possum, small dog? Anyhow, I filmed it, took photos and thought about all the other people and animals that died in the river, completely forgotten in history, and here's this little blemish reminding us. Guess they saw a similar opportunity but in showing their own grief and lying-on-the floor sadness. And there is a numbing you get looking at plain dead things on a screen, and they don't seem to give a shit about that, because why expect anyone else to understand? Just friends filming some sad, unusual thing.

This is starting to read awfully like a high school art essay. "The dead thing means sadness".. Better do some research on google. Genuinely forgot... Mm. Some interview confirms

impression of them being like an inverted bush doof, leaving the tie dye and earthcore or whatever it is to amplify the tarot cards, drug hangovers etc. for an aesthetic that distances itself from hippy looseness for a medieval, analogue, iconographic neatness. The art being a collaborative effort is damn impressive and I'm starting to think New Zealand is a land of witches and satanists. Not pretending to be some kind of universal liberal earth oneness. A weird kind of discipline.

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Oh and I thought Skrying was a cross between screaming and crying, that infirmary was a cross between something fiery and something to do with law firms, and architecture was a metaphor for the intricacies of nature or social structure.

I'm not smugly laughing at my own ignorance. Maybe, but who cares, what do any of us do & mean? Any of us? Well, they toured New Zealand and probably other places and were great to other people I know are great, so they are probably great. I may revisit them.

### **On a serious note**

Somehow my media feed has shifted towards the serious and nerdy, making postmodern, ironic fluidity and charismatic, glib but very rational and emotive writing seem a bit passe. Ten years ago, maybe, I found my first blogs full of rants by punk-inspired teen girls, precocious and acerbic. A bit later I fully found TISM, in late teens, though I think I remember snickering and saying "unkewwwlll" to some disinterested grade 7 classmates around the time my desire to be popular was disintegrating. A few years later, I became vaguely aware of uh, what's his name, not Hunter S. Thomson but- ah, Peter Foster Wallace. Rober Foster Wallace? No, no, Peter. Haven't read any of their stuff but I saw some impressive quotes. Serious, anti-ironic... and yes, lots of ironic, self-doubt-humourly-in-the-open was seeming a bit hollow and self-indulgent. But it (partly) saved me from fundamentalism! Making fun of stuff saved me! And the enemy monopolises 'irony' (?) just about. Relish it while you can in case we turn over-serious.

## **ZINE CONSUMPTION LINKED TO SOCIO-EMOTIONAL DEFICITS**

In a ground-breaking hypothetical study that confirmed most reasonable suspicions, scientists found that in a case study of four individuals who consumed zines (via oral intake), all relevant participants showed evidence of developmental delays and socio-emotional problems. One participant was excluded due to the diagnosis of pica, linked to iron deficiency anemia, and the other was excluded as the consumption of paper was deemed age-appropriate for a four year-old. A seventh participant was excluded because their consumption was limited to idly ripping off and chewing a corner of a page, just to remember the taste of paper.

## **THE INFO MASTER**

Imagine somebody looking at the timelines of all our lives on a massive screen at once, on a spreadsheet charting everything, and what insights they could gain about society, mental health etc. and show in a way easier way than a press release statement. Everyone's life stories, all together. You know a lot of people, heard lots of stories? They've got all of them. Not in great detail, but enough to see what usually happens in them. No need for getting stuck on one lame, niche thesis about young women aged 20-25 and their identity formation, you just look and see what happens to them like you do every day, except you see more rather than from your own little corner. No little neurosis-feeding factoids about periods of isolation predicting a higher chance of psychosis (and other fear-inducing isolated statistics), you just look at the timeline. You look at alternative stories, skimming over charts rather than fumbling around with a search engine, limited by the "but what if" scenarios your mind comes up with to assure yourself that your own isolation/solitude/aloneness might not kill you someday and you don't need to run out the house and BE SOCIAL BECAUSE IT IS GOOD FOR YOU. You are a millennial and you don't know people and stories like the mythical wise old grandparent (who knows people, across every generation). The data master might not have developed astuteness of situational judgement to assure complete social competence.

But they have proof against oppressors, against prejudices., with the collation of current human possibilities in front of their eyes. What about nuance? Well, that will come later. We need building blocks for accessible, comprehensible, comprehensive, comparative stories. Films and research papers are too clunky and singular on their own. Films and games are simulations of knowing someone, a few extra people, through their incomplete, very curates stories which can lead to good or evil. I want to know the off cuts, the correlations which escape my attention. Beginning to write a thesis as a product of ME is beginning an exercise of cherry picking, despite the requirements of rigorous discussion and literature overview. I'd be fending off distractions because I WANT TO SUCCEED DAMNIT I HAVE STARTED A THESIS ON THIS POSSIBLY MARGINAL OR OVERDONE TOPIC AND I WILL COMPLETE IT and any thoughts and feelings challenging the worth of that task will be distractions and possibly evidence of mental illness. Such as, evidence of the rates of mental distress in academics, or a suspicion that another demographic or topic would be more politically, ethically expedient to focus on. Or even that the practice of writing itself isn't the best pursuit in promoting good ends. We would like to understand people from a position that isn't as arbitrary as my own interest in things that I've absorbed, very predictably, as somebody of my age, gender, work/class history and intellectual ability. There is a reason that eight year-olds are not encouraged to revolve all their school work around their favourite cartoon. But I am allowed to choose, as somebody who is older and presumably has a broader knowledge of people/ 'the world'. I will assumedly operate upon some more constructive, dignified schema (or choose something acceptably self-interested and conservative). But I don't, it is very hard! I won't function! I must first be the Info Master. I must overcome my isolation and ignorance that is inevitable in a complex society. There is no pretence of 'objectivity' and 'neutrality', only the seeking of sensible strategies, towards ends derived from basic decency, through thorough collection of knowledge of experiences, and their display in a statistically honest, clear and proportionate way. How do you know what matters? Who do you work for? Find, demand the data from those greedy marketers and PR

people. Reform the ABS, reform academia and publishing. Compile timelines, on a big wall like the stock market if need be, so that everybody can see what is happening to everybody. Let the public know itself. Let me know myself, through where I stand in relation to others.

## **NOPE NEVER MIND/WELL IF THAT FAILS**

Remember before the internet, when you'd do stuff with your friends and events had to be advertised with posters and word of mouth? When you didn't really know what you were doing, except in reference to your weird friends and all the cultural scraps you'd get? Do stuff with friends. Who needs more people? Be good friends doing good and spontaneous things. You don't need to think about changing the entire world, becoming some over-analytical, fuzzy-headed social retard. I respect good groups of people minding their own collective business and doing good stuff, saying "hey, you can join us if you want" and offering an actual alternative to the busy, busy, cynical outside world, preferring to err on the side of less marketing, planning etc. and more substance than the reverse. Perhaps it can be seen as selfish to be so small, to have a bit of faith in what you're doing, but we don't know what we're doing anyway, do we?

Self-depreciation for failure to deal with systems at the level of the world, the country, city, family, however small you want to get can just be annoying, when you never figure out how to actually change. Can't deal? Well, no heads in sand, no passive surrender to bullies or smotherers, no 'coping strategies' for their sake. We actually do still have a bit of freedom here, despite all this NSA, CCTV, QLD police state, job agency, nanny state, hyper-competitive and oppressive job market business going on. You wouldn't know it, though. Just found this old zine by Kevin from Pink Reason with an article about Eastern Bloc art exploring the limits of legality under communism. Isn't it worth *holding this space* of freedom for a bit? We're stuck in this inertia where we're not free enough because our favourite venues got shut, we have to work to pay exorbitant rent, lock-out laws, buzzkill over-surveillance etc. and yet everything that was once a symbol of freedom is trite, plentiful, and



uncensored. Our freedom is about time and space, not the printed and spoken content (to the same extent). That is hard, for busy, busy, separated people with separate timelines and personally curated entertainment. Footy riots and union strikes, occupations, and even the plain old childlike using of space and resources for your own insular little enjoyment – simply putting your feet in a space for your own ends – has an oppressive stigma. How much of our free expression goes to the trash heap of dying servers? Hey, freedom of information, and equal platform for anonymous discussion! 404.. Also printers, pens and paper are very cheap nowadays. Everything feels relatively cheap, except for space and substantial exposure. Where and when do you go to make a statement in real space and time? You earn it, force your way into it in a conscionable confidence. Part boundary challenging, part honest commerce and political negotiation, when resistance to your genuinely good things arises.

The artist under the USSR said that to give up risking for his art is to give up who he is, and to



*Illustration 1: this is your toilet, Please help keep it clean*

not tell the truth. Us free world people are so expert at lies, and we are allowed to lie. It is practically demanded of us. I do not know what

truth I want to tell. I would speculate that under harsher regimes of censorship and authoritarianism, stronger bonds would form outside state influence. I can confirm that, actually – a North Korean defector said that friends don't really feel like friends in South Korea because they talk about TV and celebrities all the time. Imagine the raw, un-mediated social reality. How bizarre, quaint, mawkishly embarrassing a pure friendship must seem – can we believe it? Epitomised at the start of Territorial Pissings (“smile on your brother, everybody get together, try to love one-another right now...”). Kurt Cobain's childlike scribbles highlighting empty positivity of expecting real, trusting unity to emerge in the commercialised landscape. Their story of the freaks emerging from the underground to expose their private dignity and never come to terms with the exploitation stuck with generations. Feels pretty teenage to write about Nirvana (I always reference the alternative canon) but teenagers know oppression, remember high school? It's like mini communism. It is and I'm not an unsophisticated teenage edgelord or a pseudo-rebellious bully who's a delinquent from being as much as a power-monger as your worst teacher. Couldn't figure out if those swastikas etched around my school were a statement about school or an actual advocacy of fascism. Even a cross scratched into a Christian school desk or uniform, in religious earnestness, would be surmounted by the principle of *respect for property and preservation of approved expression*. Ignorant kid as I was, not knowing other ways of life, surrendered to a passive-aggressive compliance. I'd wear the wrong shoes and socks, and things like that. Hang around slightly out of bounds feeling an innocent camaraderie with other kids giving off these signals. Some of them weren't so much kindred spirits as actually very poor or mentally disadvantaged somehow, but it didn't really matter because they provided breathing space and an alternative (until they develop/absorb adult opinions and behaviours typical of their intellect and social aptitude, reflected on facebook pages years later and seem totally opposite to anything you could relate to). You couldn't save each other, you kids, you just salvaged what personal dignity you could manage. Do that now, but as adults. Nah, I don't

have to tell you, it is what we do, entirely naturally. Don't we have a subtle punk-ish dress code for mainly normal people? Who wants to be expelled, anyhow? Learning things that feed, clothe, treat,

instil reason in us is good. But I acted so unnecessarily lukewarm and fickle, didn't dare test limits inside or out. Oh yeah, 'letting loose' is normal, social behaviour, only oppressed in some environments. Being natural. I forgot, seeing adult's languishing exhausted and out of ideas with all their old friends flaking out. So stressed, so busy, even when they're not busy. And social gatherings, I think, are less fun when they're strictly required for health and economic function than when they aren't allowed (Fight for your right to party!, prohibition years vs. "Hey kids, we organised a party for you, in collaboration with brand x." or Great Gatsby theme parties) unless you get your head kicked in. Even Enid Blyton's boarding school girls knew that. Secret midnight feasts ("Felicity nibbled on her boiled egg and tinned peaches in the moonlight with glee..")! The thing is, with using forbidden or unconventional spaces in a mildly rebellious way like Occupy or some street party is being surrounded by the losers of capitalism who seem to retain the bad, snooty aspects of it minus the functionality and/or charisma. On the face of it. And who are the hidden outsiders doing the real subversive stuff? Bikies? Rural families? Groups of like, 3 best friends, who went out and did stuff before getting too many preconceived ideas about what 'rebellious' things are? The guys who put wheels and a motor on an outdoor table and got fined or something? (edit: Paradise Daily Records comes to mind, not 'rebellious' or 'political' but just real, decent, appreciation and getting on with their business, defined by *them*. Oh yeah and RIP Society, I guess cause the name and also what is an *eternal soundcheck*, great name also) If church taught me anything is that if you have some idea about how life should be then you try to live by example. Why let some real bad, actually powerful people stop you from enjoying basic human freedoms? Saw somebody on Facebook the other week declare a charity endeavour that will help appease their constant feeling that they should be doing more to help people. Ah, so I'm not alone in a guilt burden (is mine even real guilt?) while everyone seems

individually content to work and party. Then a friend counselled me out of a whining spell about the good old days being over and parties being self-indulgent and meaningless, or something. They said they went through the world consciousness-of-suffering thing and it took them ten years to get out of it. Yeah, sure they didn't read the same books, have the same peculiarly awkward adolescence, subscribe to the same aesthetics etc. But they are not pretending to be serious about doing anything any more than you are. I wonder how many of us atomised, ineffectual, uptight humans there are, thinking we might be on to something special and seeing something wrong with the environment we must function in and keep up face in. Looking out and seeing happy faces and unhappy compliance, others token micro-rebellions that kind of suck, but you probably do it yourself, you commercialised, tired, repressed everyperson. cheers



